Yellow

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Yellow

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Previously in this series: Grigg and Nigel met one drunken night and end up accidentally bonded. It could be the start of a cheesy romance or a horror movie! Luckily they discover they might just be meant for each other.
Yellow: Will things work out well enough for them to truly play happy families?

Notes

Many thanks to the wonderful shoegazerx for providing Romanian translations!

brothers!

Grigg (fucking perfection)

JUNIOR ♡

"Yellow"
Part 5 of Oops
Griggel A/B/O

by TigerPrawn

Pregnant

Grigg chewed nervously on a nail as he waited the requisite three minutes.

Nigel was still asleep. It had been a little over three weeks since the alpha had come to stay with him. He'd taken the time off work at short notice to help settle him in and so far it had been… fun. Sightseeing, brunches, lots of sex. It had also given them the time to really start getting to know each other better - which suddenly felt long overdue.

In three weeks he'd managed to show Nigel around the local area as well as fill him in on his life - where he worked, what he did there, what he did out of work. One thing was clear from the alpha's reactions, this was not a lifestyle he was used to. Grigg couldn't pretend not to have noticed the tattoos and scars that marked his lover's skin that told the story of a life so different from his own. He could tell Nigel's own stories in return were edited, though from embarrassment or concern he wasn't quite sure. Even so, he grew to know the man - his likes and dislikes. His favourite shirt - the little dog one because it reminded him of a pet he'd had growing up. This had resulted in Grigg instantly stealing the shirt as he'd always wanted a dog as a child and was never allowed one. The shirt, scented with his alpha and soft to the touch ended up bunched under his pillow as a sort of comfort - and Nigel didn't seem to mind one bit.

The alpha had adapted well, he enjoyed the hot weather and insisted on taking Grigg to the beach for an evening stroll on more than one occasion. Grigg had considered himself somewhat of a romantic before, though realistic with it, but Nigel was a whole other story. He had no idea alphas could be so sappy. The ones he knew personally, including close friends and family, certainly weren't.

They had fallen into a comfortable routine in Grigg's house. A house he hadn't lived in for that long, a blank canvas new build that suddenly felt like more than just a house. With Nigel's, laundry hanging up, his shoes in the hallway alongside his own and favourite beer in the fridge - it was starting to feel like a home.

It was comfortable and easy in a way no previous dalliance had ever been. He loved the way Nigel could effortlessly make him smile with a stolen kiss or stupid joke. He loved the way his smile made Nigel's face light up in return and pulled something tight in his chest that he had never felt this keenly before.

He *loved* Nigel.

Things going well only made loving him easier, but even so, as much as they had come to know each other better in a short amount of time, there were lots of things they still hadn't discussed. Children for one - their thoughts and feelings on them.

Not that it wasn't already a moot point. Not that sitting in the bathroom waiting for the stick he just peed on to tell him something he already knew, wasn't a waste of time. Yeah, Grigg was pretty sure that their reunion sex during his heat had got him pregnant. Because of course.

It wasn't as though he'd been on the ball with taking his birth control when he'd returned from Romania and had his health hit rock bottom. In fact his life had been turned upside down since the moment he met his alpha and it didn't look like it was going to go right side up again anytime soon.

He tapped his foot. Then moved from the edge of the bath, to sitting on the closed toilet lid. Began tapping his foot again and resisted the urge to look at the pee stick. He'd decided it was better to wait the time then look rather than watch it develop.

But he already knew.

Grigg sighed and rubbed his hand over his belly.

This wasn't exactly the path he had expected his life to take when he'd relocated, or when he'd agreed to attend the conference in Bucharest. Or at all! He'd been happy to leave the settling down to his sisters.

Perhaps meeting Nigel either way might have changed his mind. The alpha definitely appealed to the romantic side of him. But had they not bonded by accident maybe things would have gone differently, slower at the least. He had worked so hard to forge a life for himself without having to rely on an alpha.

It had become clear that this was not an issue for Nigel. This hadn't exactly been his future expectation either, but if anything he had been relieved to find himself bonded with an omega who could take of himself.

Maybe this could work? Maybe it could have… but a baby?

"Morning gorgeous." Grigg jumped, turning to see Nigel in the bathroom doorway, grinning at him sleepily. The very sight of the alpha calmed him a little, but moreover lifted his heart. When they were together he had an absolute certainty that they were meant to be, that they would get through anything. But right now that certainty was stretched to the limit.

"I... I…" He could feel the colour draining from his face as Nigel's expression turned to one of concern.

"Are you alright darling?" Nigel took a step into the bathroom as Grigg looked at the wall clock.

Three minutes.

He looked down at the fate changing piece of plastic in his hand.

Positive.

"I… I'm pregnant."

Nigel froze and Grigg watched his warring expressions. There was delight in there, but also a huge amount of trepidation. It was pretty reflective of his own feelings. Both of them finally settled into a bewildered silence.

*

Nigel stared into the darkness that had fallen over the backyard, the wind gently swaying the porch swing he stood next to as he took another drag on his cigarette.

The day seemed to be endless and silent. Nigel didn't dare say anything. Had no idea what to say. Not that it mattered. He'd barely seen Grigg all day as the omega suddenly seemed fixated on clearing out the garage.

He had never wanted this - to settle and have kids. He'd never thought it something someone as fucked up as him should even attempt. And then he'd met Grigg.

Grigg made him feel like someone good. Someone who could *be* good. It helped that the omega was as happy to have an alpha who had little ability to provide, as he was to have an omega who wouldn't depend on him. They didn't fit the boxes society made for them, so they easily fit together in a way they would with no one else. In that sense neither of them were a catch, which made them perfect for each other.

Grigg was perfect.

And pregnant.

The thought sent a tremor through him.

He didn't hear the door to the porch open until it closed with a wooden thud back into the frame and then the creaking sound of the loose slat that he knew drove Grigg mad. He had teased the omega over the flaw in his perfect house a few days earlier, but felt none of that joviality now. He turned and watched as Grigg went still and looked down, then to the garden before finally at Nigel.

"Hey." Grigg pulled his arms up around himself against the slight chill on the breeze and Nigel was tempted to move towards him and warm him, but Grigg's eyes fell to his cigarette.

Nigel plucked it from between his lips and stubbed it out on the side of the porch railing and dropped it into the ashtray on the small table out there. "Shit." He mumbled then turned a grin on Grigg. "Guess I better quit that?"

A smile spread on Grigg's face and Nigel felt a mirroring spread of warmth in his chest. He opened his arms and Grigg moved into them, pressing himself against Nigel's chest and scenting at his neck.

"Yeah, I guess so." Grigg confirmed. Nigel could hear the smile in his voice and was comforted by it.

He wrapped his arms tight around the omega and buried his nose in Grigg's hair. It had a sweet omegan smell, citrus of shampoo, and that lingering scent of sunshine and outdoors that seemed to adhere to Grigg's skin. Scents that Nigel had begun to associate wholly with his mate. Sunshine and happiness - yellow.

The impact of the previous silence near knocked the wind out of him as he realised why they had avoided each other all day -

"We'll keep it?" He was nervous to ask, his heartbeat picking up. They had both spent the day avoiding this conversation and the possible responses they might have for each other.

"I never… This wasn't something I had ever planned for. I don't…" Grigg stumbled over his words and Nigel tensed. The omega pulled back then and looked at him, smiling again as the deep blue of his eyes captured Nigel's. "Yeah, I want to have the baby. Do you…"

Nigel let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding as Grigg's question trailed off unasked and he answered it anyway. "Yeah. I… I didn't think I'd… but yeah. I want this. With you." He basked in Grigg's beaming smile.

They fell into a slow and deep kiss that made Nigel's heart swell as Grigg moaned into his mouth and pressed close to him. Once his heat had subsided and they had left the hotel and moved to Grigg's house they had taken the time to get to know each other in every intimate way and in every area of the house.

It wasn't at all like anything back home. It was bright and airy, clean and tidy. Neat rooms full of books and gadgets, just enough to give insight into the omega's personality without being cluttered - even the mantle that was covered in a variety of robots that Grigg called 'collectable'. It wasn't the dark and dingy shitholes he'd lived in before or the beer-stained sofas of friends that he had passed out on. It was very much the opposite of anything he had ever been accustomed to expecting in life and yet Nigel had felt instantly comfortable - like he belonged. With Grigg.

They had made love often, each time as good as the last if not better as they became more attuned to each other's bodies and pleasures. He couldn't imagine ever finding this with anyone else. And he didn't need to, this was it. This was forever, he was sure of that.

He let out a low growl, rumbled from deep within his chest, as he scooped the omega up into his arms.

Grigg let out a laugh and made a little show of struggling against him. And yet when he got to the door it was Grigg who reached out and pulled it open so they could move back within the house.

Nigel moved through the house until he could deposit Grigg on the sofa, not for the first time. In fact the sofa had seen a lot of recent action, but Nigel was hesitant. Instead of dropping himself on top of the laughing omega and pressing him down into the cushions, he found himself gingerly crawling over him. Careful to keep his bulk from weighing down onto him.

Grigg tilted his head with a grin. "You won't break me." he laughed. "You won't hurt me… us." Grigg flushed a little.

Even so Nigel continued to hold himself over Grigg, watching the beautiful face that he had so missed all day. His arms shook a little as he repositioned himself to continue the stance but lean in to kiss Grigg again.

The omega laughed into the kiss and Nigel trailed his lips across to the bonding bite mark on Grigg's neck, turning that laugh into a moan as he knew it would.

"All meant to be, gorgeous. You were always meant to be mine." Nigel growled the words against Grigg's skin and felt the omega shudder under him.

"Yes alpha." Grigg moaned and then laughed again. "Romantic fool!"

Nigel laughed as well then and gently lowered himself onto his side next to Grigg, careful not to crush him as he might have intentionally in the past. He reached his long fingers out and spread them across Grigg's belly, smoothing the soft material of his shirt out.

"Wow." was the only word that Nigel could find. Grigg smiled and closed his eyes as Nigel's hand played over him until he was purring.

They'd make this work.

*

Two weeks later and Grigg felt like he'd been pregnant for a million years.

He'd never been so tired in his life. It didn't help that he wasn't really eating at work because the combination of food and staring at a computer screen made him sick to his stomach. He felt almost constantly queasy and the slightest thing would set it off. It was making him irritable and cranky. He wasn't sleeping well and work was made worse by the almost everyone else there insisting on treating him like some fragile little thing. Turned out that despite wanting to keep the pregnancy private until at least the second trimester – especially given the sudden circumstances - throwing up several times a day and almost falling to sleep at your desk were big giveaways.

He knew he was being quiet and moody when he got home from work and he felt terrible about it, even though he found himself not really able to stop it. He didn't want to take it out on Nigel, but at the end of a shitty day, he found the alpha just as annoying as his colleagues. Made worse on the nights when Nigel tried to coddle him like he was precious and needed to be wrapped in cotton wool. The fact that they hadn't had sex since his positive test was also driving him more than a little crazy. Going from having the most sex of his life to just sweet touches and gentle kisses, when he was getting hornier by the day, made him irrationally angry with the alpha.

The worst of it was coming home to find Nigel had started repairing the loose slat on the back porch. Grigg put his bike in the garage and went straight into the kitchen to grab some water. He'd wanted to drink it on the porch and enjoy the cooling breeze, but instead nearly tripped over a bag of tools as soon as he opened the door.

He swore before looking around for the alpha. "Nigel?"

There was no reply so he put down the water next to an overflowing ashtray and started to heft the tool bag to one side so he could at least get to one of the chairs and try to relax.

"Wait." Nigel was suddenly behind him and grabbing the bag like he was some sort of invalid. Grigg let it go, and Nigel put the bag under the table out of harm's way before taking hold of Grigg's elbow and guiding him around the loose slat and to the porch swing.

Nigel lowered him down into the seat and smiled down at him. "How was your day gorgeous?"

"Fine." Grigg muttered before taking a sip of his water. Each day he got home and Nigel was tinkering with something or other. He'd even started to clear up the smaller of the two spare bedrooms that they had decided would be the nursery. They hadn't got as far as discussing how to decorate it, for which Grigg was thankful. Chances were if they had, he'd come home to find it painted and ready for the baby. But he didn't want that, not yet, he wasn't ready for the baby yet. And besides, Nigel would likely leave as much mess as he cleared.

Grigg found himself angry at Nigel then, even though logically he knew he shouldn't be - Nigel was trying as hard as he was. Nigel was trying to be the alpha he and the baby needed whilst Grigg tried to get used to not being able to be the omega he always had been, for the time being at least. This was all a lot harder than he thought it would be. He wasn't sure it would have been any easier if they had planned it - neither of them were an obvious choice for parents.

Grigg huffed without realising and Nigel sank down next to him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders. "Want to talk about it?" The alpha asked as his weight made the porch swing sway in a way that had Grigg's stomach churning.

He stood abruptly, spilling his water down himself. Not that he cared, he just needed everything to stop moving for a damn minute.

“I’m having a bath and going to bed.” He forced the bile down and words out before moving purposely from the porch and back into the house.

*

Grigg was fast asleep by the time Nigel went to bed, balled up tight on his side. Was this going to be their life now? Was the honeymoon period over? They had moved quickly and, now bonded and expecting a baby, there was no going back.

Though, that wasn’t quite true. Nigel wouldn’t be the first shitty alpha to leave an omega high and dry and he couldn’t say the thought hadn’t occurred to him when Grigg left him alone all day and then came home to snap and him and ignore him. Was this what the future was for them? Wouldn’t they both be happier suffering heats and ruts apart as best they could without their mate, than stay together if it wasn’t working?

He showered and dried off before climbing into bed. Tomorrow was Saturday, Grigg wasn’t working so maybe they could do something together? Go to the beach? They hadn’t done anything like that since they found out Grigg was pregnant.

Grigg stirring and moving closer, though still not touching, reminded Nigel all too well that they hadn’t had sex since then either. It wasn’t for want on either side as far as he could tell on Grigg’s behalf. He just hadn’t managed to get his head around it.

He wasn’t stupid, he knew sex wouldn’t hurt the baby. He knew the baby wouldn’t be aware of what was happening. But it was one thing knowing that logically and another dealing with the reality. The fact was since he discovered the omega was pregnant he had a deep welling desire to reclaim him every day. To take him hard and rough and sink his teeth in and reopen that bonding mark over and over so others could be in no doubt he was claimed. It brought out the possessive alpha in him more than he’d have ever believed possible. How roughly he wanted to handle the omega scared him, and he was sure would scare Grigg. And no matter what the books said, he really was worried that he might hurt Grigg and the baby.

He wasn’t going to fool himself with the ease with which he had slipped into this new life. He was a man with a great capacity for violence. What if he lost control of this possessiveness and was too rough? What if he did hurt Grigg or the baby? The thought chilled him and brought a lump to his throat.

Maybe he was really fooling himself that this would work out. He wasn’t good enough for Grigg. He wasn’t a good man. Memories of exactly what he was capable off swirled in his brain as he drifted into an uneasy sleep.

Grigg was gone when he woke up, his side of the bed already cold. Nigel rolled over and looked at the clock - just after 9am. Grigg would have been up for at least an hour and probably pissed off that this no good alpha would sleep the whole morning away. Likely with little consideration that he came to bed late, after having stayed out in the fading sun fixing the damn porch flooring.

He groaned at the ache in his shoulder from the repetitive work of the day before. It had been too long since he’d been to a gym. Maybe he should look into that… the thought died as he wondered whether there was a point in looking into a membership when he had no job and might not even be

in the area much longer. That sent a stab of pain through him along with the sudden urge to find Grigg. He wasn't sure what he would do when he found him - he wanted to snuggle into him and take in his scent, but he couldn't imagine that would happen. Grigg would likely pull away as usual.

Nigel got out of bed and pulled on some sweatpants before heading to the stairs. He started to run through in his head what he could say to Grigg to make it all better. He was at the top of the stairs when he heard someone knock at the front door and Grigg answer it. He could hear a woman's voice and Grigg talking jovially as he lead her into the kitchen. The scent hit him as he reached the bottom step - alpha.

He felt his chest tighten and heat prickled over his skin.

Another alpha, in his home, with *his* omega.

"I was worried we'd chased you away after only one meeting, I tried to call…"

"I got an early night, I've… been tired. I'm sorry, Joss, I forgot. Please give my apologies to everyone."

Nigel tensed up as he heard them conversing so easily, and moved quickly and cautiously to the kitchen - a low rumbling growl welling in his chest the whole time. When he walked into the kitchen both Grigg and the other alpha froze at the sight of him. They were stood casually leaning against the kitchen counter, fresh cups of coffee in their hands and smiles on their faces.

"Oh." The alpha said as she raised a brow before finally looking back to Grigg. "You… uh, I didn't realise you…" She was studying him then and must have taken a closer look at his collar, barely hiding the fading scar.

Nigel could practically feel her tense up in response to the situation and the truth of it hit him. Grigg had been with this alpha. The realisation must have showed in his face when he too looked at Grigg and found the omega looking upset and a little scared. He could smell it then, the fear seeping from Grigg. Maybe not directly fear of him, but fear of being in a room with two rival alphas, standing there pregnant and glum.

"Get out." Nigel growled at the woman.

Perhaps had things been different. Perhaps if they hadn't had the couple of weeks that they'd had. If Nigel didn't feel like he was losing grasp on his mate. Perhaps then he might have been cordial. Joined them for a coffee and asked how they knew each other. Instead his hind-brain shut down all other thoughts. All he could focus on was his omega, his baby, reclaiming Grigg before this other alpha could attempt to rival him and harm the child.

Even so, his mind blurred, when he looked at Grigg he didn't see what he might have expected. He didn't see anger or disappointment or annoyance. He saw pride and love and lust.

The other alpha said something but Nigel didn't hear it, his entire attention trained on the omega and every breath he took. The front door clicked somewhere in the distance like it had been relocated to another planet.

"Mine." He growled and watched as Grigg shuddered in response.

The omega nodded and drew in a deep breath - scenting the air and finding his mate. “Yes alpha.” The words came out on a low moan.

Nigel closed the distance between them in easy strides as Grigg moved forward, the omega’s hands finding his shoulders and legs wrapping around his waist as they came together with growls and groans.

“Mine.” Nigel said again, softer as he buried his face into Grigg’s neck, inhaling the beautiful scent of his mate. Grigg whimpered his reply.

Nigel moved them around the counter and into the living room, down onto the large sofa.

“I need you.” Grigg breathed the words against him as Nigel nuzzled into his neck, pressing him down on his back and grinding their hard cocks together.

He knew he should be holding back and yet he couldn’t find the strength to. His need to claim his omega again was so intense he could think of nothing else. Nigel moved back and pulled Grigg’s pyjama pants down as he went - the omega lifting his hips to allow one fluid motion until the lay crumpled on the floor. Nigel kissed his gently rounding belly, the flesh there soft and firm at once.

Grigg was hard, slick coating his thighs. Nigel wanted to move lower and taste it, but that sort of slow and gentle pleasure could wait. It wasn’t what they both needed right now.

He moved forward again, hitching his sweatpants down over his hips and to his thighs as he nestled between Grigg’s legs. He entered the omega in one hard thrust which had them both crying out.

Grigg’s fingers dug into the meat of his shoulders as they found purchase and gripped him close. The omega’s head lolled back, the pleasure flooding through him betrayed by the jerking of his cock against Nigel’s stomach.

When Grigg’s legs wrapped up and locked around him, pulling him in as deep as he could go, Nigel growled again and pulled back enough to thrust in hard. Grigg’s sharp cries turned to whimpers as he repeated the action over and over, pressing Grigg down as he fucked into him harder than he ever had before.

Grigg was writhing and gasping, hot puffs of breath against Nigel’s bare shoulder as he shuddered into the rhythm Nigel was setting. Deep, hard thrusts had Grigg gripping him tighter with his thighs almost enough to bruise. Nigel braced himself with one hand and used the other to grab one of Grigg’s thighs and pull them as close as possible as his knot started to fill.

“Yes. Nigel… please… please…” Grigg moaned beneath him and it was almost enough to make Nigel cum. He held back from the edge as he thrust sharply once, then twice, enough to push his knot into Grigg and make the omega cry out again. Grigg whimpered and sobbed as Nigel swelled to fill and stretch him. He weakly groaned “alpha” again as he came between them, spurting hot ropes of sticky cum that mixed with their combined sweat.

Nigel felt his own orgasm welling again and this time he didn’t hold back. He sank his teeth into Grigg’s neck and tore open their bonding scar again as he spilled inside the omega with a violent shudder as Grigg cried out with pleasure.

Grigg’s legs remained wrapped around him, his arms relaxed and wrapped up too, one hand snaking into Nigel’s hair and playing there as the alpha’s weight pressed him completely down.

Nigel lapped at the reopened wound, running his rough tongue slowly over the skin and making Grigg shiver when he reached ticklish spots. But Grigg didn't laugh, neither of them made a sound other than their panted breaths. They just held each other close as they lay, tied together, sated and reclaimed.

It wasn't until Nigel's knot deflated and he went to pull back that Grigg spoke, tightening his arms and legs around him and holding him in place.

"Hold me a little longer." Grigg's voice trembled with emotion and Nigel could feel the dampness of tears against his shoulder. He relaxed down into the omega and relished Grigg's contented sigh. "I… I missed you. I'm sorry."

"It wasn't just you." Nigel sighed. "I need to be better, I need to be what you need me to be."

"I just need you to be this Nigel. I need you to be my mate." Grigg's voice quivered and he let out a little sob.

"I'll always be that gorgeous. Forever. No matter what." Nigel realised the absolute truth in his own words.

He repositioned them then, pulling out of Grigg and moving onto his side, drawing Grigg into an embrace as gentle as their fucking had been hard. He held Grigg close as the omega let out the pent up emotions, let him cry himself out and relax against him.

"You just need to talk to me darling. You just need to let me know what's going on in that gorgeous brain. We're a team now. We have to be, for this one." He shifted to move his hands between them and over Grigg's still barely rounded belly.

He felt Grigg nod against his chest.

"Nigel… I… I love you."

The First Trimester

Chapter Summary

fluff, smut and angst.

“No!” Grigg cried out as he laughed and pulled away from mostly submerged Nigel, though didn’t take his feet out of the water. He was not going to let Nigel pull him into the pool. It was nice and refreshing on this slightly balmy day, but still too damn cold for a swim even if the Romanian fool didn’t think so. Grigg wondered what the average difference in temperature between California and Bucharest was. Another of those weird little things that they just hadn’t talked about - small insignificant details you learn about your other half… usually before you bond and get knocked up. He made a mental note to discuss it, as he did each time something little like this came up.

Nigel grinned and swam back out into the centre of the pool to retrieve his drink from a floating tray and Grigg couldn’t help sighing out a long breath at the sight of those powerful shoulders. His alpha was so very-

“That alpha of yours seems like a handful.” Bernadette wore a wide smile as she handed a cool glass of lemonade down to him. “I bet he took some getting used to!”

Grigg felt the blush rise up his face and his free hand instinctively snake around his growing bump. The book club knew the whole story, he felt he had to call and explain everything to Jocelyn after she was abruptly evicted from the house. And that had been a couple of months ago, he was starting to show and it wasn’t like he wanted to hide that he was bonded and pregnant. It wasn’t something he was ashamed of even if it had all been a bit unexpected. He certainly wasn’t ashamed of Nigel and would give the man no cause to think he was. He’d been worried though, about what his new friends might think about the whole thing. It was Bernie who had responded quickest and loudest how thrilled she was and how they must be true mates. Quite a supportive response from a beta who was a serial bride - he still hadn’t got up the nerve to ask how many times she’d actually been married.

After that Bernie had insisted on throwing a little grill party at her place for the group and their spouses and dogs and several other waifs and strays Bernie called friends. But really Grigg knew the goal had been not only to meet Nigel but to include him, and he couldn’t thank her enough.

“He’s… keeping me on my toes.” Grigg replied with a smile.

“He’s good for you.” She said with a gentle smile. “Maybe I didn’t know you well before, but even a blind person could see how much you light each other up.” she let out a little chuckle. “I’m actually jealous.”

Grigg found himself blushing again but grinned.

“Does he read? I mean, of course he reads… would he be interested in the book club?” Bernie asked pleasantly.

“Oh, I hadn’t… maybe?” Grigg let out a light chuckle. “He told me before he doesn’t read much but the pile of LeGuin on his bedside table is constantly getting higher.” Grigg felt his heart swell at the thought. Nigel had asked him to recommend one book of his many and so he mentioned ‘The Left Hand of Darkness’ and the alpha hadn’t stopped. Had said it was a way to know Grigg in a way that talking and sex wouldn’t allow. Grigg sort of understood what he meant and had asked what interests Nigel had that he could do the same. Nigel had laughed and told him most of the activities he’d enjoyed were suitable for pregnant omegas, except of course sex - which he had then demonstrated at length.

“Food’s ready.” Prudie called, interrupting his thoughts as she plated up some meat from grill she and Dean had been cooking at.

Nigel swam over as Bernie headed to the grill, swimming in long strokes that made the muscles in his arms work in a way that had Grigg biting his lower lip and wondering if it was normal to be this horny when pregnant.

When Nigel pulled himself out of the pool, Grigg practically whimpered and was glad that Nigel had been the only one in earshot. The alpha grinned at him and then raised a questioning eyebrow at which Grigg scowled and gave a slight shake of his head.

No we aren’t going to find a quiet spot somewhere at Bernie’s place to fuck.

Though damn he wanted to! And it wouldn’t be the first inappropriate place… which at last count included the woodlands they had taken a day trip to; the bathroom of a quiet bar in the middle of nowhere on a road trip; and the many and varied locations they had been unable to stop themselves from going at it in the back of the car. That particular sport was getting difficult the bigger Grigg grew.

The sightseeing he had been trying to cram into the last few weeks whilst they still had the chance to travel without a baby to consider, was turning into a sex tour of California. Not that Nigel seemed to mind one bit. Sex was what had got them into this, all of this, and it was how they connected the best - in every sense.

Pissed at each other over a miscommunication? Solve it with sex. Worried about whether they were doing the right thing in all of this? Fuck until the worry went away. Tired and cranky after a long work day? Make love slow and sweetly, sometimes in a bath.

Grigg might have been worried if they hadn’t finally started to feel compatible in all other ways. Where they were similar it worked, where they weren’t they complemented each other. Slowly but surely they were getting to actually know each other. Despite the hiccup when they were grating on each other at the start of the pregnancy - which had been resolved with some hard fucking and a reclaiming bite - they were in harmony. A little too much if the resulting amount of sex was anything to go by.

Nigel was smiling at him in a knowing way that made his cock twitch and he knew the alpha was going to take him as soon as they got home. And damn if he wasn’t just perfectly happy about that.

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Nigel woke and stretched, the satisfying ache that groaned through each muscle had been worth every thrust into his sweet omega the night before. He wasn’t even sure how they had made it through dinner with Grigg’s friends - *their friends* - he reminded himself. Nice people too, much

nicer than the sort he normally associated with. But not stupid - all of them sharp and not easily fleeced, he worried when they had arrived that they would see him for the shitty asshole he really was and intervene. But Bernadette had been immediately there and welcoming, had practically thrown him in the pool when he said how lucky she was - that he missed swimming as he sometimes did at the gym back home. She had made a point of admiring his tattoos and ignoring his scars before anyone had a chance to react in any other way. She weirdly reminded him of his mother and that wasn't something he could feel sad about. He was happy Grigg had such people in his life, and now he did too.

This new life. This strange new reality he had landed in and could never have prepared for. And yet found himself completely at ease in it. Maybe his life could have been like this back home if he hadn't been such an asshole at school and fucked up his education. He was smart, he knew that, you didn't get as far as he did in his life without good business sense. But he wasn't as well educated as he could have been had he not got thrown out of school after school. Stupid kid trouble maker snowballed easily into fucked up druggie, then dealer and distributor. Then he met Darko and got clean enough to make a living at it. It wasn't something either of them had been hands on with for years - Darko had started the club and they had turned over money there instead and left the drugs to underlings.

Truth was, he still had a lot of pretty dirty money tied up back home but he couldn't bring himself to contact Darko and deal with what would go with that. The man had been like a brother to him, a fucked up brother who lead him astray, but a brother nonetheless and he felt a little bad about not having been in touch since finding Grigg.

But he couldn't. He didn't want to invite that life here. He wanted to continue in this bubble of Grigg and their friends and the Californian sunshine and happy fucking families. Darko wasn't going to get anywhere near that if Nigel could help it. He'd rather disappear, start this new life and forget the old one. Let Darko think he was dead and buried, hopefully he'd leave it at that and Nigel could get on with building this new life with the past getting no closer than the occasional nightmare.

Grigg stirred next to him and pulled him back to the reality he now lived in.

"What time is it?" Grigg mumbled as he pulled his head up from the pillows, hair a mess and sleepy happy face that spoke of being lulled to sleep by a sweet knotting.

"A little after 8." Nigel replied, looking over at the clock before leaning down and kissing Grigg softly.

Grigg chuckled and pushed him back. "Don't, I have morning breath. I shouldn't have had all those onions on that hotdog. I usually don't usually go for onions."

Nigel grinned. "I think the baby was hungry and wanted them. You cannot deprive the child."

That drew another laugh from Grigg that sent a shiver into his bones. How could making this man happy make him so happy in return? He wasn't sure he'd ever understand it, but he knew he never wanted it to end.

He nuzzled into Grigg's neck but was gently shoved back again with another laugh. "We don't have time. It's a long drive, we should get on the road soon."

Nigel ignored him and moved in to nuzzle again whilst letting his hand fondle the naked omega under the covers, enjoying him harden at the touch. “We have time for a quicky…”

Grigg’s back arched involuntarily at the mirrored stimulation of Nigel’s hand on his cock and his teeth against their bond mark. “Not… not with you… You don’t know how to have sex quick… not that I’m complaining.” There was humour in his voice but he was clearly too distracted to laugh.

“If I don’t knot you we could be quick…” Nigel mouthed the words against his neck, enjoying Grigg’s hitched breath.

“Oh god no. Please fucking knot me Nigel!” The words came out on a moan as Grigg turned in his arms and maneuvered himself face down but knees under him so his little belly wasn’t squished to the bed.

Nigel bit his lower lip and let out a low groan as he moved behind and over Grigg, blanketing the soft and warm omega and pushing into slickness in a slow, long motion.

They moved together, rolling in languid, soft waves which drew quiet moans from them both. They built the pleasure together in a comforting way they had become familiar with, until Grigg was panting hard. Nigel reached around under the omega and took his cock in hand, stroking it slowly and gently in time with his own rhythm. When he felt his knot starting to stir he pushed forward, sliding it easily into the omega, seated there whilst it started to inflate. Grigg moaned and rocked back, helping keep the rhythm as Nigel tensed. The feeling of his knot being squeezed as it inflated had his eyes rolling back in his head. He shifted slightly, worried he might put too much weight on Grigg, before thrusting in shallow and tight motions until his knot made it impossible to move. Grigg’s cock was jerking in his hand and it took only one more long stroke to have the omega cum with a long moan that was almost a sob.

Nigel’s vision practically whited out as Grigg tensed around his cock, adding to the insane amount of pleasure coursing through him and making him cum so hard he wondered if he actually left his body for a moment.

They held still. He panted into the back of Grigg’s neck as the omega trembled below him. After composing himself a little he managed to move them both over so they lay locked together as they spooned on their sides.

Sure they were going to be stuck like this for a while and get on the road much later than Grigg had wanted, but he wasn’t sure either of them gave much of a shit about it.

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Grigg breathed in the salt air with a smile and breathed it out with a contented sigh.

Nigel loved the beach the few times they had found themselves at the coast, so it was nice to get in some more touring around California and get to the coast. His sister Kat had been really sweet to let them use her beach house for the week. In truth, Grigg liked the beach but had he not been pregnant his preference would have been the mountains and some extreme bike trails. But he wasn’t going to risk anything like that even if he was a competent cyclist - the trails could be unreliably variable in their integrity. He had no plans to take a tumble because the wrong lump of mud was loose.

Nigel came up behind him on the decking, Grigg scenting him on the sea air just a moment before arms snaked around his waist and a nose was buried at his neck. They both swayed as Nigel’s

hands moved delicately over the growing bump. So small, but firm and carrying life. It wouldn't be that many more weeks before Grigg would be able to feel it moving.

"It'll be nice to have a week of peace." Nigel huffed the words against his neck. "Your friends are…"

Grigg cut him off with laughter before wriggling and turning in his arms. They were sweet. They called all the time, every night at least one of them phoned to see if he was ok or needed anything. He had barely known the book club longer than Nigel and yet they had quickly formed an unlikely friendship group. It was nice though, being so far from family, to have people looking out for him.

"Yes." Grigg agreed. "No phones, no internet. Just some books, the ocean and each other." Grigg grinned up at the alpha, who returned his own rueful smile.

"I can think of wonderful ways in which we could combine at least two of those thing. Three, if you have the kama sutra?"

Grigg chuckled and raised an eyebrow. "One day we aren't going to be able to have sex ten times a day!"

"Ten!? Now that is something to aim for." Nigel leaned in and kissed softly, drawing Grigg up onto his toes as he pulled back and away again. Intoxicating. "And the fact that we have a whole relationship worth of sex to catch up on before the baby comes along and most likely takes it off the menu for a long while, means that we should be having as much sex as possible."

"Thank you doctor, I shall take it under advisement." Grigg grinned.

The sun was starting to get low but was still a couple of hours from truly setting. "Let's go get dinner." Nigel said as he buried his head in Grigg's neck once more - a comfort to them both really.

"Sure." Grigg slipped from Nigel's slackened grip and started down the steps of the deck and onto the beach. The restaurant they had already decided to go to for dinner was in the town but a short stroll along the beach would get them there quicker than driving.

Grigg smiled when Nigel's hand slipped into his and they set out at an easy pace. It was like they had been doing this forever, it was easy to forget that they really were still getting to know each other.

"You like the beach." Grigg stated as the thought came to mind - that it was something he knew about Nigel.

Nigel's hand tightened around his for a moment and the alpha glanced at him. "I do. I like water. The ocean, a river. Somewhere I can swim and relax. It reminds me of holidays as a child. When my father was still alive… before I started to fuck up so bad."

Grigg felt his chest constrict. He hadn't meant to bring up bad memories. He squeezed Nigel's hand in return. They had talked some about family. Grigg's parents and sisters were all scattered but still in the US, and still all alive and well. Even both sets of grandparents were thriving. On the other hand, Nigel had very few family - no one especially close. His dad had died before he was a teenager, and maybe that was why he went off the rails a bit - trouble at school, trouble with the police. Stupid kids stuff, Grigg figured.

Nigel didn't talk so much about family, it seemed hard for him. He had only once mentioned his mother and that was to say he hadn't spoken in many years. Grigg got the impression that it had been Nigel's choice, but he wasn't sure why and despite being bonded mates now, it was something he hadn't felt comfortable to ask.

Grigg squeezed Nigel's hand again and smiled. "I'm sure you didn't fuck up all that bad." Nigel had mentioned before how his dad would never have been proud of him, and Grigg hated that he thought that way. What on earth could he ever have done that would turn his parents away from him? Grigg was sure if Nigel's dad was still alive, he would have been close with Nigel and very proud. After all Nigel had made a reasonable success of himself in business. Maybe that was part of the reason they did hit it off - both self-made and hard working in that respect.

The sand was fine and sweeping over their feet on a gentle breeze, making Grigg glad he wore flip flops. Everything was quiet and serene. It was a secluded beach in a quiet town, so it only truly got busy at weekends.

Grigg's mind had wandered to thoughts about the peaceful beach, not realising the silence that had fallen between them was a little cold and stiff. He only noticed when he glanced over at Nigel and saw the hard look on his face.

"Are you okay?" Grigg asked, coming to a stop, concerned that talk of Nigel's family had upset him.

Nigel seemed to stop reluctantly, and he didn't look at Grigg at first. He looked like he was trying to work out a difficult question or answer in his head, and it unnerved Grigg a little.

"What is it? Nigel, you're worrying me." Grigg tightened his grip again, though Nigel's hand seemed limp and ready to fall away if Grigg's fingers should loosen at all.

Nigel took in a deep breath, which he let out heavily as he turned to Grigg and took his other hand, until he was able to raise both of Grigg's hands to his chest.

"I need to tell you something." He didn't meet Grigg's eyes, looking alternately down at their joined hands or out to the softly crashing waves. Grigg's heart was beating against his chest so hard he could barely breath.

"You're really scaring me now." Grigg couldn't help his voice coming out as a tremble and yet still being full of annoyance. He just needed to know what was going on with his alpha, his mate. The thought, once again, of their accidental bonding being the start of a horror movie, once again flashed to mind.

"Grigg… I…" Nigel let out another heavy breath. "I tried to tell you before, so many times. I'm not a good man." The next words came out as a rush, as though Nigel could no longer hold them back, or perhaps he was worried he might never say them unless he expelled them at speed once and for all. "The money we used to buy the club, Darko and I... It's from drugs… We made a fortune from dealing and now use the club as a front. And… I… Grigg, I thought I could be a good man for you. You made me want to be a good man."

Grigg's blood ran cold and he couldn't tell if the chilled sweat in his hands was his, Nigel's or both. Perhaps on the same thought, Nigel dropped his hands and Grigg felt suddenly very alone.

“I… I don’t know what… I…” Grigg tried to find words, any words, but as he didn’t yet even know his own thoughts, words were impossible.

“I’m a drug dealer and a killer and a fucking terrible excuse for a human being. You would have been better off never meeting me.” Nigel’s words held an anger aimed at no one but himself and it broke Grigg’s heart.

His mind was swimming. Killer? He had said killer? Grigg tried unsuccessfully to reconcile the images of Nigel in his head - the drug dealing killer with the sweet and thoughtful, if occasionally annoying, gruff romantic he knew Nigel to be. Could he be both? Was everything a lie?

Grigg had no choice in walking away. It wasn’t even a conscious action - it was an instinctive omegan response. He walked quickly, until he realised he was actually running. One hand holding his little bump as he ran as fast as he could on the sand back towards the beach house. He didn’t notice losing both flip flops until he hit the decking and felt the wood, topped with light grains of sand, underfoot.

What was he doing? What did he have to do? Protect the baby. There was a killer here, he had to protect the baby.

He slowed at the top of the steps and only then did his mind clear enough to change tack and become even more clouded. The killer was his mate, the killer was the baby’s father. The juxtaposition felt unattainable to his brain. His thoughts were loud and messy as he tried to fit the opposing ideas together.

His mind only quieted a little once he started to register a physical pain. A stitch, from running up the beach. The pain helped him focus and calm. He looked back to see Nigel making his way after him at a jog… and he wasn’t scared. It was Nigel, his nigel, his alpha, his mate.

He cursed the stupid omegan hormones that had forced his reaction. This was something they needed to talk about, he needed to understand what Nigel meant. He needed to know if they were able to move beyond it.

Killer.

How could they move beyond that?

He suddenly became conscious of the recently reopened bond mark on his neck. No… if Nigel was bad, as bad as he said, Grigg would have felt it through the bond. There was some mistake and they needed to talk about it. So stupid to run as he had.

Grigg huffed at the sharp pain and rubbed his side, trying to calm the stitch that seemed to be echoing around his entire abdomen. Nigel was almost at the deck. They could talk…

“Grigg.” Nigel called out his name and he wasn’t sure why at first. And then Grigg swayed. He felt light headed as he grabbed out to the decking fence to support himself.

“What…” Grigg’s words were eaten up by a flash of pain.

Everything went black.

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Nigel paced the reception area, alternating between a barely contained rage, and an all consuming sadness.

The image of Grigg's beige beach shorts stained red with ever more blood, kept jumping to the fore of his mind. Had that been his fault? Had he caused that? Grigg wouldn't have run if not for Nigel's revelation. But more than that - Nigel wouldn't have had to say anything if he hadn't done those things. If he had been the sort of alpha Grigg deserved.

He wanted to think that he had always planned to tell Grigg, though in the beginning it hadn't even entered his mind either way - such was the strangeness of their circumstances. Since the pregnancy though, it had played on his mind and he knew he had explain it all. Not that any redemption could be found. He wouldn't ask that of Grigg - the nicest person he had ever chanced to meet - just as he knew his father would never have forgiven him had he known. The same reason he distanced himself from his mother rather than her find out, or worse, be pulled into his shithole of a life. Both of them, and Grigg, and the baby, were better off without him.

"Mr Lupescu, you can go in now." a nurse had appeared at his side and was pointing down the corridor.

They had rushed Grigg to emergency and stabilised him before bringing him up to a ward. He seemed to have lost so much blood by the time the ambulance arrived. Nigel shuddered. He hadn't seen Grigg since they had whisked him into the ER and now that he was being permitted to enter the omega's room, he hesitated.

What would the staff tell Grigg if Nigel just turned and left? He couldn't leave. The thought of leaving Grigg and the baby tore his heart out.

He mumbled his thanks as he was lead to the room and shown in. The doctor next to Grigg's bed was looking at his notes.

Nigel was clenching his jaw so hard it was painful. And then he saw Grigg. Grigg whose entire pale and exhausted face lit up when he saw Nigel. Nigel expected it to fall again once realisation hit, but that didn't come. He moved to the other side of the bed and took Grigg's offered hand.

"We'll keep you in for observation until tomorrow afternoon Mr Harris, unless anything changes, but I don't anticipate it." The doctor put the notes into the slot at the end of the bed and looked to them both. "Please try not to worry, this sort of thing is quite common with male omegas." The doctor smiled before he gave a nod and left the room.

"Nigel." Grigg breathed his name and pulled him closer. Nigel went willingly, taking Grigg into his arms.

"I wanted you with me… but they said I would be on the ward soon, so… I didn't see you. I was so…" Nigel heard the pain there and knew that some of it came from fear, but some came as well from how alien this vulnerability was to his mate.

"I'm here now." Nigel said, the ridiculousness of him being there not lost on him. This wouldn't have happened if not for him. He pushed down the anger he felt and tried to concentrate on the important things. "What did the doctor say?" He asked as he pulled back to look at Grigg.

The omega looked so small and somewhat like a wounded animal. "They… it wasn't so bad. They said I only lost a little blood. Blood loss can be deceptive apparently, especially uterine bleeds. I…

told them I had just received some bad news and had run up the beach, but they said neither were a factor. This was going to happen or not, nothing either of us could have done about it. In fact we're probably lucky we didn't get further from the house…"

Grigg's words trailed off and Nigel quickly picked up the thread. "And the baby is alright? You're going to be alright?"

Grigg nodded and gave a weak smile. "Junior is fighting fit. They listened to the heartbeat and it was perfect." His face lit up again. "So good to hear it thumping away… anyway, the bleeding had stopped and they monitored us and gave me a small transfusion before bringing me up here. I need to take it easy for a few days, but… it's either going to be ok or not. Half of all male omegan pregnancies miscarry… I…" Grigg's words choked off and Nigel enveloped him again.

This was crazy. This whole evening was crazy. This whole life.

He took in the soft scent of Grigg's hair. "We can… we can arrange something. I don't have to be in your life, we can make some arrangement for when you're in heat. Maybe suppressants… The baby doesn't even have to meet me-"

A sharp sob cut him off.

"Nigel… I… We need to talk about this. Not right now, but no. No you can't fucking leave me. We need you."

The words cut and cauterized in one motion. They needed him. Time to work this shit out, no matter what it took. He had a mate, a baby on the way. Things he had never planned nor wanted… until he had. Until he had wanted nothing more in the entire world than the bright sunshine of Grigg Harris and all the goodness that he contained.

The Second Trimester

Chapter Summary

Dealing with Nigel's past, a visit from an old friend and ice cream.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not posting this yesterday. Spawnling and I moved from the family home and in with my parents this weekend - it's been physically and emotionally draining. Very much feeling the effects of having had a chapter in my life end when I was not ready for it to. I'm not in a good place. I'm going to try and keep on top of posting things that are already ready to go, sorry for the delay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Grigg gripped the edge of the sink, looking at his reflection in the mirror and willing himself not to throw up the meagre breakfast he had managed. He wasn't in luck and he made it back to the toilet bowl just in time to see what had become of the buttered toast. As he wiped his mouth and panted, still bent over the toilet, he felt a swell of anger towards his doctor. Not that it was her fault - she was merely the one who had chuckled when he said that he thought morning sickness passed in the first three months, and informed him that no - for some people it really didn't.

"Darling." The anger fell away and was replaced with comfort when Nigel knelt next to him, his alpha rubbing gentle circles into the base of his back. And then the motion became irritating and Grigg shrugged him off with a mumbled protest.

Nigel left him then, which Grigg was grateful for as he pulled himself back together and tried not to feel quite as disgusting as he actually was. The alpha was waiting in their bedroom when he returned, with a glass of cool ginger ale.

Grigg managed a smile at that which was returned as a beaming grin from the alpha, pleased to have been of some little help.

"You know, no one in my family has ever really suffered with morning sickness before. I blame this on your genes entirely." Grigg tried weakly for some humour as he took the condensation-laden glass and sat on the edge of the bed. He rolled it across his forehead before taking a sip.

Nigel chuckled and leaned over to kiss Grigg's now damp forehead. Grigg wondered for the millionth time how this could be the same alpha of those stories of his past.

The fact was, Grigg had on some level known Nigel was dangerous from the second they'd met, perhaps that was what part of the attraction had been. Certainly after they bonded he'd had a firmer idea of it and he could have broken the bond if he'd acted sooner - gone to a doctor instead of

hiding from both Nigel and himself. But he hadn't known how dangerous, and it was quite likely that had they met some other way - had Grigg realised quite what Nigel was capable of - they wouldn't have hooked up. But things had happened how they had and the truth was he felt almost comforted by the knowledge in some weird primal way. He knew it was the pregnancy that pushed those thoughts passed problematic and into okay. Because horrifically, knowing that his alpha could and would be capable and willing to kill to protect him and the baby, was just fine by Grigg's often hormonally charged hindbrain.

Grigg was never going to condone any crime, much less murder. But he knew life wasn't as black and white as he had once thought it to be, especially for people not as privileged as himself.

Nigel had talked to him for hours in the hospital. Grigg had been exhausted and yet he didn't once even remotely get close to nodding off. He needed to know everything, all the things Nigel hadn't said yet but that Grigg already felt in some ways through the bond. The same way he could tell that Nigel was being truthful when he explained exactly what sort of man he had been before he met Grigg.

Drugs. That was something so alien to Grigg beyond sharing a joint at a college party many years prior. And yet it seemed to add up with Nigel - not his appearance or demeanor, but with the Nigel he had come to know. The troubled kid, falling in with the wrong crowd, banking on his talent for business. Dealing and the club and… the omegas.

Grigg shuddered. Partly at the idea of what might have happened to them, and partly at the remote thought that Nigel might have been with any of them. He was sure not, and it didn't even really matter, not now. Nigel could have slept with all the omegas in Bucharest before they met and what would it matter? He had bonded with Grigg. That was all that mattered.

When they had the all clear and checked out, Grigg had taken Nigel's arm and let himself be escorted by the alpha. Nigel had been quiet, thoughtful. But everything between them had been settled. If they had been able to reverse the bond at this stage would Grigg have wanted that? He couldn't say for sure, but despite everything - he was leaning towards a firm no.

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Nigel wasn't sure if Grigg had even slept that night. He was certainly tired enough to nod off now, propped uncomfortably in the bed with empty glass still in hand. He was so sick all the time, but the midwife had reassured them it was nothing to be worried about. Some people just got this bad. It should ease off, but they were warned it could return towards the end of the pregnancy.

Grigg seemed so different since the hospital scare. More *his*.

Before then Nigel had felt their bond keenly, he suspected more so than Grigg did. Until the revelation and the hospital visit and the whole truth between them. Something Nigel should have told him from the get go. Though that was easier said than done.

Nigel took the empty glass gently from Grigg's hands and placed it on the side table before trying to move the omega into a more comfortable position than how he had just nodded off. Nigel would let him sleep as long as he could and get more ginger ale on standby.

The omega looked so peaceful, a far cry from the anguish in his expression when Nigel had explained everything. The cartel, the club. And then the fucking crazy night that part of him

wouldn't change for the world despite the blood on his hands. Despite the reminder that he would never be the good man that Grigg deserved.

Grigg hadn't seemed to see that - he had just took hold of his hand, both of them trembling, as Nigel had explained -

"I've told you before, the club I used to run, some of our dancers were omegas. Not just the dancers, waiting staff, DJs, everything but the door staff. They always wore pheromones to scent as beta - easily done in such a crowded place - so as not to get drunken attention. They were the ones that had nowhere else to go, that had no home to return to and didn't want to just end up another faceless victim in the system by going to the Politie. The people I killed, they… it had been a potential turf war, another gang of dealers who were starting to make it big. We considered negotiating boundaries just to save any fucking hassle. But then we found out about the omegas. They were coming up in the world because they were financing their production from omega trafficking. And just… we weren't going to have that in our fucking city. I may be an asshole, but I'm not a fucking asshole."

He had explained how they had gone along with the intentions of negotiations, at the same time as paying off some of their underlings to rat them out. The day everything went down Nigel hadn't intended to kill anyone, but he had known it could be a possibility. It had all become a blur in his mind since then. Darko had gone out the back to apparently use the restroom, but they twigged he was snooping and shit had kicked off. The only way to end it and get the omegas out that they knew were in the basement, was to kill the fuckers. To kill the drug dealing shithole omega traffickers. He couldn't think about if any of them had family looking to them, if they were nice to their mothers. All he could think of was ending this, shutting that shit down. So he did.

He hadn't even lost any sleep over it. Perhaps he might have if he hadn't then made his way through to help Darko and a couple of lackeys from their club break out the starved and abused omegas. If he hadn't heard their weak cries and sensed the terror when that door first swung open on a roomful of sex slaves.

There was a lot of shit he and Darko had seen and done in their time. He'd once watched Darko cut a finger off his own cousin when he caught him fleecing his shift at the club. Fuck, he'd just murdered a bunch of assholes. And yet, nothing was going to stay with him quite like that basement. Like some kind of fucking internment camp they were liberating.

He could live with the blood on his hands. The same hands that Grigg had squeezed reassuringly as he relayed the story, and that stroked over him now as he napped. Love and understanding in the omega's eyes as Nigel knew the bond confirmed the truth of it. Yes he was a murderer, and he would do it again if he had to, because some things were worth killing for. Grigg and the baby were at the top of that list.

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Focusing on the baby seemed to offset any awkwardness there might have been between them, but even so they had barely touched since the hospital. Maybe in part because of Nigel's revelation and part because they were concerned for the wellbeing of the baby, even though the midwife had been happy at Grigg's last appointment. It was hard to get either of them in the mood when Grigg was sick half the time.

After his nap Grigg had wanted to be productive, so Nigel followed him around moving this and that. They stood in the doorway of the smallest of the three bedrooms, currently full of boxes and

assorted junk Grigg was yet to finish unpacking from his move.

“This will be perfect.” Grigg said, rubbing a hand over his belly in a way that made Nigel’s chest tighten. “We can just clear it out for now and get working on it bit by bit.” Grigg turned and walked down the corridor, Nigel trailing along to the middle bedroom as Grigg opened the door.

“We can dump everything in here for now.” Grigg said turning on the light.

Nigel looked around the room - he had barely poked his head in before this day, it felt so much like Grigg’s private space, but now he felt welcomed to investigate. Not as big as the master bedroom and the space was used completely differently. At the far end was a single bed, made up for guests in the way his mother used to - decorative cushions and all. The rest of the room was something between a home office and workshop - large computer desk and adjoining workbench full of robot parts in one corner. The rest of the walls lined with book cases and equipment stands, a mixture of electronics and the most books Nigel had ever seen in one room outside of a library.

“Lots of sciencey ones… science fiction?” Nigel thumbed some of the spines.

Grigg nodded and smiled. “What you have to understand is that when I was a kid, my Mama and I were basically surrounded by alphas twenty-four seven. You know, there was my Mom, my sisters, and their friends. So there'd be like 15 alphas in the house. It was insane. Especially once I hit secondary puberty.”

“Damn! I can’t even imagine.” Nigel really couldn’t know what that had been like for a growing omega, but he could definitely imagine how this shaped the man he loved. Having to hold his own amongst a family of alphas couldn’t have been easy as a teenager.

Grigg shrugged. “My Mama would hide out in the shed and no one was allowed back there. And she'd listen to music, you know, smoke, chill out. And, one day… I'm like 10 years old, she takes me back to the shed and she shows me some magazines that she keeps back there. She says, ‘This is strictly omega stuff. It's top secret. Very private.Tell no one.’”

Nigel enjoyed the smile on Grigg’s face and knew from the tone that he obviously shared a wit with his omegan parent. Grigg tapped on a pile of science fiction magazines on the shelf - well read and dog-eared. Nigel let out a low chuckle and plucked the one from the top to thumb through - an omegan astronaut on some adventure or other.

“Yeah, so from then on, it's like… I don't know… It's like me and my Mama and science fiction. These were like the first books that I fell in love with, and I never got over it.” Grigg looked lovingly at the books in a way that threatened to make Nigel jealous.

Nigel let out a low rumble from his chest, feeling his cock already start to thicken as he watched the care with which his omega handled the books, how he spoke of them so affectionately. How Nigel got to have that with him too. He placed the comic back on the pile and pulled Grigg to him. “This room is going to be perfect, they both will be. Like you.” He nuzzled into Grigg’s neck and pushed him against the wall, gratified at the softly huffed moan when he did so. He could tell from the omega’s whimpering that Grigg needed this reconnection as much as he did.

He started to push down Grigg’s sweatpants, his fingers finding slick and drawing a moan from them both.

Finally.

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Grigg ached. He sat up on the bed and stretched, yesterday's impromptu nap and the fairly sound sleep he'd had after a night of reacquainted intimacy had somehow made him feel worse and not better. It was mid morning and he considered not even getting out of bed, but he was hungry and thirsty - he should at least try for a late breakfast even if he didn't keep it down long.

He dragged himself from the bed and forced one foot in front of the other until he was out of the room, down the stairs and into the kitchen. The backdoor was open and he could hear Nigel out in the garden putting together the little shed he had insisted they would need for storing the mower and such, away from tiny hands.

Grigg stood for a long minute looking at the cupboards and considering his options - wondering what would make him less sick. He rubbed a hand over his slightly exposed belly - his t-shirt just that bit too small now to properly meet the sweatpants he was wearing. This had become his go to gear on the weekends - it made him feel frumpy but at least it was comfortable. He had finally reached that point where he needed a whole new wardrobe but had so far only managed to get new things bit by bit and the priority had been work appropriate clothing. At least the look seemed to appeal to Nigel even if Grigg wasn't entirely happy with it. Yesterday the alpha couldn't keep his hands off the growing bump and enjoyed moving over it and lower as he reassured Grigg of his affections. The memories made Grigg smile in an otherwise miserable day. Too many sickly miserable days lately.

He was just fed up of feeling heavy and exhausted and sick every morning, and most afternoons. Nigel was the only thing that got him through some days. Nigel was always there for him when he came home from work with swollen ankles and backache, despite now having started his own job in one of the local bars. It was near the college so thankfully it was mostly day shifts - the ones their student staff couldn't cover because of classes. Occasionally he filled in as a bouncer on the weekend evenings, they'd mostly fallen into an easy routine with it.

Even so Nigel still spent a lot of time fixing up things around the house. Not that much needed doing on the new build, more adapting it to baby friendly. They had picked out a soothingly pale yellow paint for the nursery a week before and Nigel planned on booking some days off to do it whilst Grigg was at work and away from the paint fumes.

Some days it baffled him to know how considerate Nigel was. How had this easy and enjoyable partnership between such different people come from one drunken mistake? He tried not to question it. They had grown so close after everything and soon enough they would be a family.

Grigg's thoughts were interrupted by an obnoxiously loud knock on the front door.

Nigel appeared at the backdoor and startled a little when he saw Grigg. "I thought you were still sleeping. Want me to get it?" he smiled.

Grigg returned the smile and shook his head. "No, it's probably Bernie, she said she might drop by this weekend. I hope she didn't bring any food with her."

Grigg paled a little at the thought and Nigel chuckled. He could hear Nigel rummaging in the kitchen - no doubt to make him some palatable food - as he went to the front door.

He was still smiling as he opened the door to a male alpha he had never met before. There was something about him, the smile on his face meant to charm for one thing, that made Grigg feel

slightly uneasy. He found himself tugging his top down a little, trying in vain to cover his bump as some sort of small protection.

“Hi!” The alpha greeted him cheerfully and then looked him up and down. Grigg had the distinctive feeling he was being appraised. It wasn’t something he’d liked alphas doing *before* he was mated and pregnant - now it was an unwelcome intrusion.

“Can I help you?” Grigg asked, frowning and fighting the instinct to just close the door and retreat back into the safety of his home.

“Sure, I’m looking for Nigel.” The alpha’s accent was clear now and not unlike Nigel’s own. Someone from Romania then… and yet, Nigel had told him that no one from his old life knew where he was. He had cut all ties when he had left Los Angeles, when he’d found Grigg. Grigg couldn’t say he hadn’t been comforted by the knowledge.

He could feel Nigel behind him then, not close enough to actually touch, but his presence was an almost physical thing.

“What are you doing here Darko?” Nigel practically growled as he stepped in front of Grigg and moved the omega behind him and away from the other alpha.

Darko gave a shit eating grin, like the action amused him. “Is that any way to greet me brother? You are the one who went missing on me, I should be asking what you are doing here… but I guess I can see what you’ve been doing.” He chuckled and Grigg felt Nigel tense.

“Grigg, will you go into the kitchen and call Jocelyn? If I’m not in there in 5 minutes, ask her to come over.” Nigel’s words were hard and brook no discussion but before Grigg could move Darko moved forward and took hold of Nigel’s arms in a brotherly way.

“No need for that old friend. I’m not here to cause trouble.”

Grigg watched the other alpha intently now that his hands were on his mate. But the asinine smile had been replaced by one of truth warmth and genuine affection.

“I was fucking worried about you, boule.”

Darko pulled Nigel into an embrace and it took his alpha a few moments to relax into it. He could sense the relief from Nigel and it calmed him enough to make him realise how tense he had been.

“A lot of shit happened. But… I just don’t want any trouble.” Nigel finally pushed the other alpha off and held him firmly at arm's length. “If I invite you in, you will be the nicest fucking houseguest my mate has ever met, ok?”

“Mate?” Darko’s lips tweaked and he looked over at Grigg again before answering “of course!” and holding up one hand like an oath. Then he pushed passed Nigel, moving that hand down so that he now offered it to Grigg to shake. “Did he say Grigg? A pretty name.”

Grigg took the hand and shook it, far from won over by the words and still feeling a little stressed. His hormones had been all over the place recently and had heightened the sort of omega responses he hated in himself. At least Nigel seemed to understand.

“Are you ok gorgeous?” Nigel asked as he pulled him into a hug and away from Darko. Without waiting for a response, Nigel scented his neck and rubbed his hands up and down his back, calming him. “You want me to fix you some food?”

Grigg felt calm enough to at least shake his head. “No… I’ll…”

“Baby, I’m going to order some pasta. You want to go relax upstair and I will bring it up when it arrives?”

He knew Nigel was trying to get rid of him, but equally that he had only his best interests at heart.

“No.” Grigg said firmly, surprising himself a little. He was fed up of feeling like shit, he wasn’t going to feel weak too. “We’re mates, there isn’t anything you haven’t told me. I want to be here for this discussion.”

Darko nodded. “Still order the food though, eh? I’m fucking starving.”

*

Nigel’s jaw clenched as he closed the bedroom door behind him as quietly as he could, and practically snarled at the snoring he could hear from the spareroom across the hall.

“If that fucker wakes Grigg…” he muttered under his breath as he made his way down to the kitchen to make coffee.

He was on the lunchtime shift at the bar today and they had all gone to bed late - Darko insisting on taking them out for a meal now that Grigg was starting to feel less nauseous, and to thank them for their hospitality this past few weeks.

The one night on their sofa had turned into a weekend of them clearing out the spare room, which had been storing all the junk turned out of the other spare room - now nursery in progress. And there they had it, annoying houseguest.

Darko was like a brother to him, but just as family could show up and stick around and be hard to get rid of despite heavy hints. And for as close as they were, he couldn’t help but be uneasy about having someone like Darko around Grigg. Darko was the worst person he knew, Grigg the best. He couldn’t even put his finger on what unsettled him about that. He knew Darko wouldn’t ever hurt Grigg, wouldn’t fucking dare lay a finger on anyone in Nigel’s life without a say so. Maybe it was the clashing of two worlds he had managed to keep separate, first by happenstance and then by design. He had never wanted his past life in Romania to be visited on Grigg, no more than it had to be or already had been. He had clearly overlooked that he had given Ana Grigg’s address to forward his last paycheck and left that trail wide open for Darko.

“Bring me back ice cream on your way home.”

The only reason Nigel wasn’t startled by Grigg appearing in the doorway as he sat on the sofa pulling on his boots, was because he had scented the pregnant omega a moment earlier.

Grigg stood, sleepy and rubbing his eyes, dressed in yet another t-shirt that was getting too tight, and a pair of boxer shorts. Both white, doing all the more to bring out the California tan on his skin.

He loved having a job and feeling useful again, even enjoyed that it was the first honest job he'd ever held in his life. But the further along Grigg's pregnancy was, the harder it was to leave him. His alpha instincts to protect and provide and be right there in case his omega needed him for anything at all, was almost all consuming. That had only been made worse by having another alpha around. Another alpha that could provide and protect and talk and laugh with Grigg whilst Nigel was working. Maybe that was the problem?

He stifled a growl that wanted to rumble up from his chest.

The fucking love drove him somewhat insane and he knew full well he was a jealous mother fucker. But he trusted both Grigg and Darko. Well, Grigg at least. His trust of Darko had been tested in the past, in business. Darko wouldn't make a move on Grigg. Would he?

He shook the thought from his head as Grigg walked over to him and Nigel pulled him into his lap. He nuzzled against Grigg's bond mark and enjoyed the fresh scent that the motion released between them. The omega let out a contented sigh.

"Did I wake you? Did Darko's fucking snoring wake you?" Nigel asked gruffly.

Grigg chuckled. "No. I was only sleeping lightly, I missed you next to me and wanted to catch you before you left."

"To ask for ice cream." Nigel smiled. He was pretty sure Grigg was getting more adorable by the day, or maybe that was just him. He was getting to know the omega better with each moment they spent together, and aside from the irritable behaviour earlier in the pregnancy, he loved everything about him. Every new discovery had been a joy and the feeling seemed to be mutual. So strangely compatible, Nigel was often in no doubt that they was such a thing as true mates.

Another chuckle from the omega. "No… to see you, idiot. I'm not going to see you for ten hours and all I want to do is curl up with you on my day off."

"Next weekend, gorgeous. You can have me the whole weekend, I'm not down for any shifts."

Grigg wriggled down in his lap and bit his lower lip as he looked up through half-lidded eyes. "Maybe you could have me the whole weekend…"

Nigel felt heat rush through him and his cock start to fill. He groaned. "Darling, I have to go to work. I can't…"

"I know." Grigg gave a mischievous grin as he ground down on Nigel's hardening cock. "But I want you to think about me all day."

"I always think about you all day." Nigel nipped little kisses along Grigg's jaw line.

"Yes, but… now imagine you coming home and feeding me ice cream, letting it drip onto my beautifully tanned skin… letting it melt onto yours so I can lick it off…"

Nigel groaned and ran his hands over every part of Grigg he could reach before the omega slipped from his hands and stood before him again, flushed and hands to the base of his back – his swollen belly looking even bigger for the pose.

"Was… was this just a ploy to make me remember to bring you ice cream."

“Maybe.”

“What flavour?” Nigel could hear the roughness in his own voice. He needed to leave if he was going to be on time for work but he desperately wanted to bend the omega over the sofa and fuck into him.

“Whichever you think would taste better on your skin.” Grigg’s smile was almost coy, teasing.

Nigel groaned and scrubbed a hand roughly over his face. “You’re going to be the fucking death of me.” He cursed with nothing but love in his heart.

Grigg grinned again, then yawned and stretched, his t-shirt riding up so that Nigel couldn’t help but grab his hips and pull him forward to lay gentle kisses over his belly. He really wanted to ignore the omega’s full cock jutting in his boxer briefs, but that was fucking impossible.

He pulled down Grigg’s boxers with a swift motion and returned his hands to his hips to hold the omega steady as he took him into his mouth and straight to the back of his throat.

Grigg groaned loudly and his hands went to Nigel’s hair, gripping it tight as the alpha tasted him completely. He groaned again and Nigel let out a deep, low growl that seemed to resonate through his omega’s shuddering body, through the room and off the walls.

“We’ll wake Darko.” Grigg warned even as his cocked twitched in Nigel’s mouth, the little scamp.

Nigel sucked him in once more and then pulled off of him. “Perhaps you are right. Besides… Now you can think about me all day too.” Nigel grinned up at his breathless lover who only scowled back as he let go of his hips and stood. Nigel adjusted himself, pretty damn uncomfortable in his now too tight jeans, and headed towards the door.

“You’re an asshole. But I love you.” Grigg told him as he opened the door, coming forward to kiss him gently.

Nigel laughed as he headed off.

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Darko was giving him that look again as they sat at the breakfast bar in the kitchen. Something between suspicion and curiosity. Grigg had trouble reading the man who could be so nice and helpful and yet he also knew was capable of great and bloody violence. Much like his own alpha. Romania was starting to seem full of them in his mind. But with Darko it always felt like he was on the verge of having a conversation with Grigg that was still yet to happen even after over a month in the same house.

So far they had been amicable with each other, Grigg had even loaned Darko his car so he could sight see whilst he and Nigel were at work. Nigel had had to top up the donut grease because the very scent of it made Grigg sick these days, but it wasn’t that much hassle. Darko, in reality, was no trouble at all… other than still being there, and it didn’t seem like he had plans to leave any time soon. In fact there had been a couple of throw away comments about them needing *family* around to help when the baby was born. Grigg had fobbed him off a couple of times that his parents would surely visit once the baby was home and settled - to help in any way that they could and not get underfoot. Darko had nodded his understanding, but still insisted on… being underfoot.

This was the first day Grigg had been home with Darko alone. There had been a few evenings here and there, but this was the first full day and Grigg was wondering if he should make the effort to take Darko out for the day, or at least go somewhere for lunch?

He brewed the coffee as the alpha watched him, in a way he often did, like he was formulating questions he was yet to ask. But, as Grigg placed a cup of coffee in front of him at the breakfast bar, Darko finally asked -

“So… what’s your angle? You just wanted to get knocked up before the biological clock started to tick?”

Grigg might have been offended if not for the twinkle in the man’s eye and curl of his lips into a grin that suggested the question was half in jest. But only half.

“Because Nigel’s such a catch!” Grigg chuckled sarcastically and sat down with his own decaf. Truth was, Nigel was a catch as far as he was concerned, but at first glance and certainly from an outsider perspective most people might think he was taking advantage of Grigg, not the other way around. Darko certainly seemed to think otherwise, which at least spoke well of their friendship.

“He could have chosen from any omega back home had he the want.” Darko’s tone felt like he was being corrected, but again there was no real malice there. And Grigg understood.

This was *the* talk. This was Darko making sure Grigg wasn’t taking a man he called brother, for a mug in some way.

“Well, I don’t know what Nigel has told you… but it was an accident. We got drunk, hooked up and bonded. And I guess one thing has lead to another and-” he gestured at his rounded belly.

“Yes, I know this, but… You could have ended it, there are ways. You didn’t. I know why Nigel didn’t but I want to know why you didn’t. I can’t make sense of it. You aren’t a pair I would put together but…” he trailed off as though he thought better of finishing the sentence, his gaze turned expectantly on Grigg.

“I… I’m not sure I know. Honestly at first I just didn’t know what to do. But… the thought of ending our bond… it was painful. Maybe it wasn’t so accidental that we bonded? Maybe it was meant to be, because I’ve never felt like this about anyone in my whole life and maybe we skipped to the end, but then again, maybe if we had met and got to know each other we would have ended up here anyway sooner or later? I don’t know, but I don’t regret a damn thing.” Grigg gushed, voicing a lot of this for the first time. He ran a hand protectively over his belly, a reassurance to himself or to the baby, he wasn’t sure. “I… I’d never thought about having kids, it wasn’t something I’d planned in my life, but… this is… this is everything. Nigel and this baby, and the life we have here together. I…” He ran out of steam and Darko smiled. “What did Nigel tell you? Why didn’t he end it?”

Darko laughed, a hearty and deep rumble. “He didn’t tell me. He didn’t need to. That fool is such a romantic, there is no way he wouldn’t have taken this as a sign. Accidental bonding? No such thing to him, it would have been fate - true mates perhaps? Who knows, either way, he isn’t entirely stupid - if it hadn’t worked out he would have found a way, but… yes, you suit each other.”

Grigg felt warmth rise in his cheeks at the sweet and fond smile Darko gave him.

“Grigg, I will be honest with you. I tracked him here with the intention of bringing him home. He is my business partner, my family. I thought he had fallen for some piece of ass, or maybe down a coke-lined rabbit hole. I hadn’t expected him to be playing happy families. I hadn’t expected… I’ve never seen him so happy. I don’t want to break up what you have here…”

“But?” Grigg asked warily.

“But he has stakes in the club, in other ventures. Responsibilities…”

Grigg blanched. “No… no, no. You can’t...he’s not going anywhere.” he said firmly as he stood from his chair, almost knocking it over in the process.

Darko stood as well in response, backing away slightly and raising his hands to placate Grigg. But Grigg’s brain had kicked into some instinctive response at the idea of losing his mate and he wasn’t going to let Darko take Nigel anywhere.

“Woah, it’s ok, I… we can work something out. Silent business partner or… something...” Darko seemed genuinely panicked and Grigg wondered how he must be coming across, not that he cared. He backed Darko up to the counter and grabbed his shirt, balling his fists and pulling Darko forward.

“Nigel isn’t going anywhere.” Grigg hissed. “Is that clear?”

Darko nodded but still looked sort of amused, like the reaction actually made him happy. Like he was glad Grigg wanted Nigel *that* much that he would threaten an alpha. Grigg relaxed his grip and soon they were just smiling at each other like they had reached a complete and total understanding.

*

Nigel was home slightly later than usual on account of stopping for the mint chocolate chip ice cream he now carried. The thought of little chunks of chocolate melting on skin, his or Grigg’s, ready for the licking had appealed a lot more than he thought it probably should have. He was just glad that Grigg was able to manage food again now… because this was the sort of fun they had yet to fully explore and the due date was approaching.

As he opened the door he could hear laughing and was pleased to find Grigg and Darko sat on the sofa watching some bright and loud American game show and laughing hysterically at it. He was glad they were getting on, but there was still something that unsettled him - a twinge that made him uncomfortable.

“Hey gorgeous.” He smiled at Grigg and raised the bag in his hand.

“Hey yourself handsome.” Darko replied jokingly. Nigel ignored him with a roll of his eyes to Grigg and went to the kitchen, putting the ice cream in the freezer before returning and slumping onto the sofa next to Grigg. He pulled the omega into the crook of his arm and breathed deep his scent. Grigg’s nose twitched too and then wrinkled -

“You smell like a brewery.” Grigg’s distaste was part mocking.

Nigel huffed a laugh and scented Grigg, catching something. A scent he hadn’t expected. He sniffed again and it made his blood run cold, despite the heat coursing through him.

“Darko, you gonna tell me why my mate smells like you?”

Darko was only able to respond with “Huh?” before Nigel was on him and dragging him to his feet.

“If you laid a single fucking finger…” Nigel couldn’t even finish the words for the rage. A rage he had never truly felt before. This was something primal, this was what that feeling had been. Competition - protect, provide. Another alpha in his territory, spending time with his pregnant mate. Another alpha where he didn’t belong.

Nigel practically roared as he drew his arm back and punched Darko so hard he went straight back down onto the sofa, a hand going up to his bloody nose, eyes weeping from the impact.

“What is wrong with you, boule? I wouldn’t touch your omega.”

It took Nigel a moment to realise he was being tugged backwards by Grigg. He turned to the omega and pulled him into an embrace, hands moving from hips to belly in a protective gesture. “I have you gorgeous.”

“He didn’t touch me Nigel. I… I grabbed him. I threatened him when he said he wanted to take you back to Romania.” Grigg sounded no nonsense, with an edge of trepidation, like he wasn’t sure how Nigel would react.

“I’m not going anywhere darling. With Darko or anyone else.” Nigel’s hands hand moved to Grigg’s back and as they stroked up and down Grigg started to purr.

Nigel was well aware that this was purely for his benefit - to calm him, to pull him back from this rage. And it was working.

He heard Darko moving behind them, and then leaving the room. He let the other alpha go, drawn into the scent and sounds of his beautiful mate.

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Grigg sat on the bed and watched Nigel dry off from his shower.

Darko had disappeared to his room, the ice cream was forgotten for now, and Grigg knew that they really needed to talk.

“Nigel, Darko has to leave. He’s making you crazy. I know he’s like family but… our bond is still so new in the big scheme of things and with the baby too…” he tried not to sound as exasperated as he felt. “Having another alpha around is making you nuts and I just can’t deal with that right now. So… he has to go.”

“Darling, I’ve been hinting at it for a while and he is still here.”

“Maybe we need to do more than hint? Besides, he told me he wanted to take you home, but now I’ve made clear this is your home so… no offense to him, he’s a nice guy, but he can leave now.”

“I’ll talk to him tomorrow.” Nigel agreed, but Grigg wasn’t completely sure that was the best idea.

“That’s ok if you manage not to try and kill him again.” When he had seen Darko leave the room downstairs, his nose had still been bleeding a little. Superficial from the looks of it, but the man was going to look like hell for a while.

“What else do you suggest, gorgeous? You could talk to him?” Grigg sensed Nigel tense at his own suggestion. He had really never seen such reactions in an alpha before - never this extreme. But then he’d never been bonded before. There was something flattering about having his mate wanting to segregate him from other alphas - annoying and deeply worrying, but still flattering on some level. Almost even a turn on… he bit his lower lip.

“When I was at college the thing that would make me leave and go crash with a friend was every time my roommate brought his girlfriend over and had loud obnoxious sex in his side of the room, despite the thin partition.”

“What you’re saying is… you want to have loud obnoxious sex in order to make Darko leave?” Nigel seemed slightly incredulous.

Grigg nodded slowly. “I… guess that’s what I’m saying, yes.” He could already feel his cheeks warming and cock filling at the thought of picking up where they had left off in the morning.

Nigel grinned and dropped the towel he had been holding, now mostly dry he stalked to the bed and then crawled over Grigg as the omega reclined back onto the overstuffed pillows.

“You’re a saucy little thing when you want to be.” Nigel told him as he eased down Grigg’s sweatpants, stroking hands over his belly as he went.

Grigg was already completely hard and could feel the slick starting to ease out of him. They hadn’t had sex much lately. Between their work patterns and quiet fumbles here and there so as not to disturb Darko, it had been a while and Grigg had been getting horny.

“You want me to knot you baby?” Nigel asked, the words rough with a want that was reflected in his eyes.

Grigg’s mouth went dry and he nodded as he muttered “yes…”

“Well, let’s be thankful neither of us have work tomorrow because first I’m gonna milk my knot until I cum all over you so you smell like no one and nothing but me for days, and then I’m going to fuck you until you scream my name and knot you so hard you’ll feel it the rest of the week. And then, I’m gonna see about this ice cream...”

Grigg managed to whimper. “Yes alpha…” before opening his legs and welcoming Nigel between them.

*

Darko looked bleary eyed the next day when they finally all congregated downstairs around lunchtime. His face was swollen and bruised, he looked like he’d had the worst night’s sleep oh his life, and he had his small packed case next to him.

“Whichever of you is the least fucking exhausted can drive me to the airport.” He grumbled. Nigel snorted a laugh whilst Grigg tried very unsuccessfully to hide a smirk.

Chapter End Notes

Translations -
Politie = Police
boule = you ox - affectionate insult

The Third Trimester

Chapter Summary

The fucking love drives them somewhat insane.

Nigel felt Grigg squirming in the bed next to him, rousing him enough to realise the scent in the air. His senses honed in on it immediately.

It was 3am, the full moon lit the entire room through thin curtains. His omega was horny and leaking slick - and the scent of it had his cock hard within seconds. This all might have been fine if they hadn't already spent half of the afternoon having sex, and he didn't have the lunchtime shift fast approaching. Grigg's libido had gone through the roof since he hit 7 months, and with his belly bigger than ever, it was often less than practical.

At first he thought Grigg might just be having a *very* nice dream, and he could go back to sleep and get the rest he needed. But then he heard Grigg's breathing hitch and scented the gathering precum, almost masked by the sweeter scent of slick. The wet, rhythmic sounds he could hear came into focus as his senses slowly clicked into wakefulness. Grigg was jerking himself off and the thought made Nigel's mouth run dry.

He was exhausted, he wanted to go back to sleep, but his body was already responding to his omega's need.

"Are you alright gorgeous?" Nigel asked, voice thick with sleep.

"I… I didn't mean to wake you, I… ahhh, I needed…" Grigg didn't stop pumping his cock.

"Do you need my knot, darling?" Nigel knew there was a weary tone in his voice, even if his dick was obliging, his knot starting to throb.

"No… I…" Grigg pulled a few more strokes and then stopped, panting. "I want to cum, I ache so much. But… knotting is just too uncomfortable now, I'm too big, my belly gets in the way of everything and the pressure is too intense."

"You could ride me? Gorgeous, I'm so exhausted you could have just rolled me over and hopped on and I wouldn't have minded." Nigel rumbled a laugh but the amusement seemed lost on Grigg. The omega was desperate, his libido having been at almost heat levels all weekend. "I don't have to knot you."

Nigel felt the bed dip. He remained on his back but could feel the omega maneuvering around him until Grigg was pulling his underwear from him and Nigel expected to be straddled any moment. But there was a hesitation then.

"I… I don't think… I don't want you to fuck me." Grigg sounded almost perplexed.

“I could suck you darling, would you like that.” Nigel reached for him, but seemed to miss, Grigg slightly beyond his reach. “You could cum in my mouth and I’ll lick you all clean?”

“Yeah, I… I think I want to be inside you. Not your mouth…” Grigg seemed frustrated and a little embarrassed. “Wow this is… It’s just. I’ve never really felt like this before. I mean, I’ve been with a couple of betas that I’ve… but… never with an alpha and… Maybe it’s because I’m just so damn horny? Maybe I… Damn, Nigel I really want to fuck you.”

“You want to fuck me? Baby, I don’t have the parts for that.” Nigel chuckled, trying to work out if Grigg was serious.

Grigg frowned. “How do you think alpha-alpha couples do it? It’s no big deal, you might even like it. Haven’t you ever at least been curious about what it would feel like to have your prostate-”

“Stop!” Nigel held up a hand and gave a teasing smile. It wasn’t something alphas generally talked about, but of course he’d been curious. He’d even fingered himself once after his first time with a male omega. The guy had cum so hard and said it felt so good that Nigel couldn't help but be curious about the physicality of his primary biology. He’d been wanking, fingered himself a little and enjoyed the sensation of that, then he’d pushed a finger in. He’d barely grazed his prostate when he shot his load. And it had felt fucking good. But also… sort of wrong for how nice it felt.

Now looking at Grigg he wondered what the big deal was. Sure he wasn’t into other alphas, but being with a male omega opened up a lot of sexual possibilities. And he loved Grigg’s cock, as beautiful as the man himself. Pale as sculpted marble against the tan of the rest of his body. The sun truly didn’t shine there and well… he did like having Grigg’s cock in his mouth, would having it in his ass be so damn different? The thought made his cock twitch. He was secure enough in his alphaness, and enamoured enough with Grigg that he was totally willing to try it at least the once. Just to see.

“Fuck. Okay, before I… Just.. yes okay.” Nigel let his head fall back and scrubbed a hand roughly over his face. He was really going to do this… for Grigg. And that felt right. His cock twitched again.

The bed dipped as Grigg moved off again and then he heard a rummaging, looking over he could see the omega at the bedside drawer but there were too many shadows there to make out what he was doing until he came closer to the bed again. His hard cock stood out, jutting under the curve of his swollen belly.

He held a small tube of artificial slick. “I’ve not had cause to use this for a while, but it’s still… um… gloopy.”

Nigel nodded, completely lost for words.

Grigg put the tube onto the bed and then climbed back up until his hands reached Nigel’s knees and eased them apart.

“Like this?” Nigel asked, suddenly as nervous as an inexperienced teenager. “On my back?”

There was enough light to make out that Grigg was chewing on his bottom lip, his face flushed. It seemed a mixture of lust and anticipation.

“Yeah, um… I think my belly would get in the way in any other position… but if you want to try-”

“No, no it’s okay.” And it was. Nigel wasn’t sure his acceptance of this would stretch to him presenting on all fours like an omega just yet.

Grigg nodded and continued to part Nigel’s legs, moving between them as best he could and sitting up on his knees so that his belly was up and out of the way. He picked up the tube and started to work the artificial slick over his fingers to warm it. Nigel wondered how many times Grigg had done that in the past, before fingering himself between heats when his slick wasn’t as plentiful. The thought made his cock jump and Grigg groaned in response.

“Alpha…” Grigg drew out the word softly as his fingers finally made contact. “I… I can’t believe how much I want this. Damn, I’m fit to cum just thinking about it.”

“Best work me open quick then gorgeous... Ahhh!” Nigel tried to make light of it, of the nervousness he felt in that moment before one circling finger pushed inside. The feeling wasn’t unpleasant, the sensitive nerves there making it interesting. When Grigg added a second finger a little while after, Nigel’s knot responded automatically by starting to swell just a little. The pressure of his knot, coupled with the pleasing pressure of the fingers in his ass, stretching and working him open, was nothing short of intoxicating.

“Ok darling… Grigg, fuck me. Please… fu-” Nigel’s words were stolen as three fingers pulled from him and he heard the wet, slick sounds of Grigg lubing his cock.

“Fuck, Nigel, I…” Grigg seemed equally lost for words as he moved forward.

Both hitched their breath as Grigg lined himself up. He pulled Nigel’s hips to lift them higher, angle him better, so that his belly wouldn’t get in the way. And then the omega slowly guided himself in.

“Oh fuck. So tight… oh, I’ve never… Oh fuck.” Grigg went completely still and Nigel knew the face well enough to know he was about to shoot his load. And Nigel didn’t want that. Not after all the time spent fingering him - no, he really wanted to have Grigg fuck him now.

“It’s ok gorgeous, just take a breath. We can stay like this as long as you-” Nigel’s words were cut off as Grigg pushed further into him. Working himself slowly in and out, deeper each time. Fingers dug painfully into the meat at Nigel’s hips, and then Grigg repositioned himself ever so slightly and... Nigel momentarily had no bones in his body.

The alpha moaned as Grigg found his prostate again and again, fucking into him now, never varying the angle - keeping it just right to have Nigel writhing beneath him.

“I, unf… I want you to cum Nigel.” Grigg huffed out the words. “I want to make you cum like this.”

Nigel was unable to form basic thoughts, much less words, as his exhausted body relaxed into this new state of being. He just nodded and grabbed at his dick, finally cogent enough to start jerking himself off in time to Grigg’s thrusts. He felt the omega’s belly brush against his hand every so many thrusts, the reminder of this moment. Of how this alpha was willing to do anything to please his pregnant mate.

“I’m so close…” Grigg’s words came out almost pained.

Nigel quickened his stroke a little before his pace was thrown off completely by Grigg. The omega moved his hands from Nigel’s hips and wrapped them tightly around his knot. He hadn’t even

noticed how much it had inflated - even larger than when he knotted with no restrictions of a tight omega around him. He had no idea how painfully hard and desperate it was until Grigg squeezed, tightening his hands around the knot as he continued to thrust as best he could.

And that was it. That sweet pressure. Grigg's hands felt like a beautiful vice, gripping him tight as he started to cum. The first of it shot out like a thick rope, up his chest. But as Grigg continued to thrust - now muttering nonsense as Nigel constricted around him - it pumped and pumped. His knot throbbed and his cock pulsed as Grigg milked everything he had left. Another sudden spurt that went as far as Nigel's throat, had him tightening completely.

That pulled a cry from Grigg, his rhythm stuttering as he came, thrusting through as his hands reflexively tightened on Nigel's knot again and they both came copiously with satisfied moans.

Grigg's hands left his knot then as the omega fell forward - hands on Nigel's chest - holding himself up, hovering with his belly above the mess he had made of Nigel.

They both panted and tried to get their breath as sweat dripped from Grigg's brow and mixed with the fluids on Nigel's chest.

"That was…" Grigg started but couldn't seem to find the words. Nigel understood and nodded. He wholly agreed - it really *was!*

Finally Grigg drew back, pulling his softening cock out slowly though they both moaned at the loss.

"I… want a bath." Grigg said. "I'm sweaty and gross but I'm too tired to stand in the shower."

Nigel nodded. He completely understood that too.

Ten minutes later Grigg's back lay firmly against Nigel's chest in the bathtub, both dozing, both satisfied and Nigel with a new curiosity that he'd decided might have to be investigated further once Grigg was no longer hindered by his shapeliness.

*

Grigg placed a hand on his aching lower back and stood back to admire the view.

Nigel was painting the ceiling white with a roller, stretching up so his lean, topless body gave the best view of all muscles currently in use. Even his scars looked sort of beautiful, or maybe it was all these hormones coursing through Grigg's body? And, of course, the fucking love - it did seem to drive people somewhat insane.

One month to go and the final touches to the nursery were happening. The walls had already been painted a light and breezy yellow that Nigel had told him was the same colour as his scent, and now the ceiling was getting the second coat it needed. The white cot, and few other bits of furniture were assembled and waiting in the other spare room that Darko had vacated - and would soon be Grigg's home office during his leave. By the end of the weekend it would all be in place.

Grigg felt a mixture of excitement and nerves. He might never have thought much about kids before Nigel, but now the thought of meeting the little one that had been growing inside him for over 8 months filled him with joy. He hoped the baby had all the best bits of both him and Nigel. Both of them couldn't help but speculate on what the child might turn out like. What interests they

might have. Whose personality they would most resemble. Neither of them were much hung up on whether it would be a boy or a girl or whether it would eventually present as omega or alpha, maybe even beta as rare as that might be for an alpha-omega couple. They just wanted happy and healthy.

“Darcy. For a girl?” Grigg asked as he placed the glass of sweet iced tea he had brought up, onto the newspaper covered windowsill.

“From one of those books?” Nigel asked, not looking down but stretching further to get a spot with the roller that he must have missed.

“I guess it could go for a boy too?” Grigg sipped his own tea and watched Nigel finally start down the ladder and grab up his glass. He took down the drink in a few long, deep pulls that covered Grigg in gooseflesh. He was actually glad his libido had started to wane again, he could barely walk without waddling now so sex wasn’t the easiest of activities. Even so… he couldn’t help but admire his alpha’s physical form. One thing was for sure, he was glad the nursery was at the end of the hall, because he was pretty sure there was a lot more noisy sex in their future when they weren’t too tired or busy.

“How about a Romanian name?” Nigel grinned as he placed his cup back down. “Would be unique here.”

Grigg opened his mouth to ask for some examples but was stopped by a knock at the door.

“Probably Bernie, she said she might swing by this weekend.” Grigg said as he set down his tea and started out of the nursery. He wasn’t going to miss waddling down the stairs, that was for sure. He was almost out of breath by the time he reached the front door and pulled it open.

It was not Bernadette.

Amazing artwork for this chapter from TCBook - On Tumblr

Birth

Chapter Summary

Life is about family, one way or the other.

Chapter Notes

Translations at the end of the chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Can I help you?” Grigg smiled at the woman on the doorstep, a small case in her hand and a hopeful look on her face. She dropped her case to the floor as she took in the sight of his massive baby bump, before quickly pulling him into an embrace.

“Băiatul meu frumos. Băiatul meu iubit.” She muttered over and over, some of the words familiar, but not enough for him to discern from the little he knew of Romanian and her thick accent.

“Grigg?” Nigel called down the stairs. “Who is it?” He sounded concerned, concerned enough to appear at the top of the stairs. Grigg could hear his footfalls racing down and then stopping short. Finally a few hesitant steps and Nigel was behind him as the woman’s grip allowed him to pull back.

“Mamă?” Nigel’s voice cracked over the word.

“Your friend, Darko. He found me and told me to come here. Told me you need me and he paid for my ticket.” Tears were silently streaming down the woman’s face and Grigg suddenly realised it was this omega woman that had given his alpha all the inner strength he possessed.

“Come in, come in.” Grigg took her hand as Nigel stood stunned, but he was only able to pull her over the threshold a step before Nigel grabbed her into a tight embrace. They both buried their faces in each other and cried as Grigg shut the door - the outside world wasn’t needed right now.

*

“You’re doing great, darling. You can do it…” Nigel felt like he was hovering, but Grigg’s glares and the previously yelled *don’t fucking touch me* told him he should keep a little distance between them.

His mother chuckled from the end of the bed. “Don’t get too close, he might bite!” Her thick accent hid none of her humour. He knew Grigg had told them both over and over that when he was in pain he just didn’t like to be touched, and now that was so paifully hard to conform to that at least his mother’s joviality helped lighten him.

In the couple of weeks since Grigg had opened the door to discover Nigel's mum, Elena, standing case in hand, they had grown pretty close as omegas were want to do. Fast friends, instant family - it made Nigel's heart swell. He hadn't seen his mother in years and their getting along bridged any awkwardness there might have been. He tried to explain that he hadn't contacted her because he'd fucked up his life and didn't want to drag her into, but she hushed him and told him it didn't matter now.

And it didn't. That felt all the more true for them both standing next to Grigg as he laboured in the hospital bed. He'd walked around the room for hours until he was exhausted and wanted to lay down. They said on all fours would be best for delivery but he was so tired and Nigel felt completely helpless. Maybe once he rested a while he could walk around again. Nigel tried not to look at the clock on the wall but it had been hours of active labour and Grigg was still hardly dilated.

His mum gripped his hand and Nigel relaxed slightly.

"Something's wrong…" Grigg panted the words out and Nigel's every fibre tensed anew.

"You're fine love, you're doing great." The omega midwife said, patting Grigg's leg as she looked to the monitor.

And then it sounded. An alarm or something, from the little monitor strapped around Grigg's belly.

"What is it? What's happening?" Nigel asked as his mum pulled him back from the side of the bed, a beta male nurse rushing in past him.

"Nigel?" Grigg's voice was filled with terror and only his mother's hand on his arm tempered him enough to stop him ripping through the nurse to get to his mate. When the nurse moved back, Nigel moved in and this time Grigg let him take hold of his hand. He could feel the exhausted omega shaking, his scent full of fear.

"Try to relax love." The midwife gave a comforting smile then looked back to the monitor. "Ok, it looks like your little one is having a bit of trouble." She looked over at the nurse, who was checking Grigg's vitals, he nodded. "Right, what we're going to do is press the call button and some of our colleagues are going to come in and we're going to get you along to the OR. We need to get the baby out, ok?" She pressed a red button above Grigg's bed.

Grigg was nodding over and over and Nigel stood frozen, his instincts to protect and provide tearing him in all directions, emotionally and mentally.

"Now, I don't want you to worry. I want you to relax as much as you can. We can see there is a problem and we're going to fix it ok?"

Grigg continued to nod until there were suddenly a bunch more people in the room and Nigel was moved to the side a little, though they didn't make him let go of Grigg's hand.

"Mr Lupescu, you need to just let go for a short while. We need to prep Grigg for surgery, we're going to have to perform a C-Section." The midwife spoke soothingly as she gently pulled their hands apart and then held Nigel's hands in hers as they prepped Grigg's bed to move. "If you go with Frank here he will help you into some scrubs and you can come straight into the OR ok?"

Nigel nodded now and felt his mother take his hand as the midwife let it go. His eyes didn't once leave Grigg's until they started pushing him from the room.

At that Grigg let out a frightened whine and Nigel was immediately at his side again, only the reaction of those around him let him know that he must have growled or some other primal sound. He could feel it in the tightness of his chest and the soreness of his throat.

No one said anything until they reached the OR a little way down the hall and the beta, Frank, stopped him, scrubs in hand. "Pop these on and you can go in. It's for the best, for Grigg and the baby."

Logic won out over instinct and Nigel nodded, starting to pull on the papery fabric over his clothes as the beta helpfully slipped a paper cap onto his head and tied it.

His heart was in his throat when he got into the OR. The bed was in the centre, a radio was playing softly. There were people in scrubs and a sheet had been raised above Grigg's chest so that he couldn't see the surgeons working.

"Ok, Grigg. We're going to just see if that's working. Can you feel that?" The anaesthetist was saying and Grigg shook his head. "Great, that's good."

The omega reached for Nigel as soon as he saw him. "They put a block into my back… spinal block. An injection so I can't feel anything." His eyes were wide and Nigel nodded and smiled.

"I know gorgeous. That's what they have to do." He knew Grigg knew that, but he'd never seen the omega look so vulnerable. So terrified. "They know what they are doing darling." Nigel managed the words, managed to push down his own fear and nerves for the sake of Grigg, who gave a weak smile and nodded.

"Ok Grigg, you're going to feel a sort of pulling as we make the incision. We're just going to pop right in and get the little one ok?"

Grigg and Nigel both nodded and tightened their grip on each other's hands.

*

"Hush, so noisy." Elena's words were soft but Grigg's ears pricked up. He didn't open his eyes. He was exhausted, sore. Beyond bone tired and his abdomen felt heavy and numb. The room was comfortably warm and dark and the bed soft. He'd happily sleep a little longer if he could, but he also wasn't opposed to listening to Elena scold Nigel. "They are both sleeping."

"Please mamă, I'm not a child." Nigel protested weakly and Grigg couldn't help but smile at his mother's scoff in reply. It echoed a little around the private room Darko had insisted on paying for. For family!

He opened his eyes then and saw them both standing over the little hospital crib where the baby slept. Their little boy. A head of dark curls and a little scrunched up face, all purple and screaming when he'd been handed to them once they'd pulled the umbilical cord from around his neck and he took that first high pitched breath. Nigel had raised Grigg's hands to his lips, pressing kisses to

them and muttering over and over “iubirea mea” as though his English vocabulary had been stolen from him.

“Eşti tătic acum, Nigel mami.” Elena spoke quietly and Grigg could make out the curve of her warm smile in the faint light. “What will you call him?”

“He’s so much like Grigg… I want to call him Grigg Junior-”

“No!” Grigg couldn’t help the outburst which was loud enough to startle the two adults but not the baby. They both looked over, Elena smiling widely.

Nigel came over as Grigg tried to sit and found he was unable to do so. “Stop… wait, I’ve got it.” Nigel rested a hand on his shoulder and pushed a button on the side of the bed so that the head of the bed moved to sit him up.

“It’s a beautiful name. Very unusual.” Elena smiled.

“Don’t you go ganging up on me.” Grigg replied, mostly playfully. “I’ve just had major surgery.”

Nigel leaned in and kissed his forehead. “Maybe we should have decided before?” They had talked ad nauseum about names. They had even agreed on some names for about a day before one or both of them changed their minds.

There was a stirring then, a tiny, high wail. Elena picked the baby up and brought him to Grigg, where he fussed and waited as Grigg put him to his chest and Nigel looked on, beaming with barely contained pride.

“But he is so like you.” Nigel muttered as he stroked a hand over the baby’s thick head of hair as he suckled. “Smell him, he’s so…”

“Galben. Only 10 hours old and already he smells of sunshine.” Elena smiled as she finished Nigel’s sentence.

“Galben?” Grigg asked, looking from Elena to Nigel.

Nigel was grinning so broadly it must have hurt his cheeks. “She means he smells like yellow.”

“Oh.” Grigg smiled and looked down at the baby before back to Nigel. “Ben. Ben might be good?”

“Yeah, Ben would be good.” Nigel let out a contented sigh that went right through Grigg, to his heart and soul.

*

When Grigg stirred the room was lighter, a little sunshine coming through the window.

Ben was sleeping soundly on his chest and Nigel was snoring quietly in the chair beside the bed, his hand resting on Grigg’s thigh. The alpha stirred at a gentle tap at the door to the private room.

“Visitors.” One of the ward staff popped her head in. “Are you ok for me to let them in?”

“Sure.” Grigg answered with a smile. Joss had messaged him saying a few of the club might be by, so that would be nice. Nigel yawned and stretched next to him before standing and gently lifting

Ben off of him. The baby didn't so much as stir as he curled into his papa's arms.

Grigg tidied himself a little, making sure his slightly swollen breasts were completely covered and then pushed the button to sit further up. He smiled and nodded and the beta opened the door further to let in two visitors.

"Grigg. Oh my precious…"

Fuck

Grigg's heart beat once, hard. He felt it in his throat before it began to pick up until it was racing. He felt his skin chill. Nigel must have scented his discomfort because he turned and looked down at him before looking up at the guests. The two females, alpha and omega, who looked concerned and bewildered.

"Grigg, I… when Kat called us, I just… She said you were in the hospital, I..."

"Um… yeah. I meant to tell you… I was going to call and then… Um and visit but then… um…" he had no words that were ever going to make this right and he knew he couldn't blame his sister, or even consider that he shouldn't have told her but… this was a mess. He really had intended to tell them, it just… never came up.

The four of them kept looking to and from each other, at the baby, away again. The confusion on everyone's faces made Grigg wince.

"Who the hell are you?" Nigel finally asked, confusion clearly starting to roll into something more protective.

"We're Grigg's parents." Katharyn Harris, Snr replied icily. "And just who the hell are you?"

"I'm Nigel… his mate… the father of his child." Grigg couldn't quite make out Nigel's tone. Possessive, defensive, confused? All three?

All eyes went to the baby, so clearly Grigg's and then back to Grigg himself. Both his mothers looked at him sternly and he suddenly felt like he was a child again. He tried to find the words to explain exactly why he hadn't mentioned in the last ten months that he had bonded and got pregnant. He wasn't even sure himself…

Only one word forced its way out as he tried to smile through the wince.

"Oops."

Chapter End Notes

"Băiatul meu frumos. Băiatul meu iubit." = beautiful boy, darling/beloved boy
iubirea mea = my love
"Eşti tătic acum, Nigel mami." = You're a daddy now Nigel

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